1509/616.

THE
YEAR FORTY-ONE.

Carmen Seculare.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
61
NOV

To Her GRACE

The Dutcheſs Dowager of

MARLBOROUGH.

Madam,

THE *Year Forty-one* throws itſelf, with ſome Confidence, at your Grace's Feet for Protection, there being no one living to whom an honeſt Satyr on the

the Degeneracy of the Age could be ſo properly addreſſed as to your Grace, who has at all Tines ſignalized yourſelf by a firm Attachment to the Cauſe of Liberty, and by bravely ſtanding up to ſtem that Torrent of publick Enormities, which has of late bore in upon us with ſuch Power and great Glory.

The *Carmen Seculare* of the Ancients, *Madam*, was a Hymn to the Gods by way of *Te Deum* for the publick Bleſſings they enjoyed, and to invoke a Continuance of them, and was performed at their *ſecular Games*, which were celebrated once in a Century; ſuch

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ſuch was that of *Horace* in the Times of *Auguſtus*, and ſuch would this have been, had it appeared in thoſe glorious Days, when the immortal *Marlborough* perſided in the Buſineſs of the Publick.

But, alas! the Times of *Reverſing* are come; all the Honour which was then won to the *Britiſh* Arms by that victorious Prince, has ſince been meanly negotiated away; and that State of Independency both at home and abroad, for which the generous Labours of his Life were exerted, been bartered for a State of---a very different Nature.

The

The haughty *Gaul*, who then trembled at the Name of *Britain*, and ſcarce thought himſelf ſecure in his own Capital, now, like the *fourth Beaſt* in *Daniel*'s Viſion, is become *dreadful and terrible, and ſtrong exceedingly, having great Iron Teeth, and devouring and breaking every Thing in Pieces, and ſtamping the Reſidue with its Feet; and having a Mouth ſpeaking great Things, and whoſe Looks are more ſtout than his Fellows.*

That your Grace may find your laudable Endeavours towards remedying theſe publick Miſchiefs crowned with Succeſs, and ſee ſuch a happy

Change

Change accompliſhed in the Land, as to place it in a Condition of granting thoſe Terms to *Liberty*, which ſhe is made to demand in the Concluſion of this Piece, in order to return to us again, is the Prayer of Millions, and of none more ſo, than of,

Madam,

Your Grace's moſt obedient,

and moſt humble Servant,

THE

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THE YEAR FORTY-ONE.

Carmen Seculare.

'TIS finish'd —— Lo the *long-predicted Year!*

Lo *Forty-One's* black Cycle re-appear!

See every Vice in gay Succession rise,

That can pollute the Earth, or scale the Skies!

All private Faith become a publick Jest,

All publick Sanction *neutral*, at the best;

All foreign Influence an empty Name,

All home Prosperity, alas! the same.

All Pow'r *One*'s Property, all Honours Pay,
And all Religion — why, a *mock Faſt-Day.*

Behold Corruption tour it through the Land,
Whilſt Knights and Nobles hold her out the Hand;
Without a Bluſh in *meek* Dependence wait;
For who ſo *poor in Spirit* as the *Great?*
For Penſions give each native Right away,
Or for a paultry Place each Truſt betray;
For Strings and Titles damn their Progeny,
To gilded Chains and pageant Poverty;
Tranſmit a *Curſe* in every *venal* Vote,
And *Nightſhade* in the *Star-infected* Coat.

No lib'ral Art now meets the leaſt Support,
No publick Virtue finds one Friend at Court;

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None

None are preferr'd but who can ſerve the Times,
None puniſh'd who can pay but for their Crimes.
The *landed* Rogue may traffick in Offence,
And ſleep ſecure in his Omnipotence;
And *branded* Sharpers, skreen'd by *knaviſh* Gain,
May *Captains, Senators,* Sir *Blue-Strings* reign,
Nay e'en the ſpotleſs *Woolpack* may prophane.
Whilſt ev'ry honeſt Man, who ſhuts his Gate
Againſt the *Bribe* and *Menace* of the Great,
Bleſt in his little *independent* State,
Like a dead Member from the Body's rent,
A Limb quite *uſeleſs* to the Government.
The *Soldier,* who, of old, to Toils inur'd,
Was only in the Field of War endur'd;

Now,

Now, for a very *diff'rent* End obtain'd,
In Sloth and Riot is at *Home* maintain'd;
Dreſs, Dancing, Drinking, Gaming his Delight,
His Conqueſt in *Elections* not in *Fight:*
Whilſt the *pick'd Magiſtrate*, by Office ty'd
To ſee ſtrict Juſtice done on ev'ry Side,
Lets himſelf out to ſhameful *Hire*, and acts
Juſt as the *Pence* direct, and not the *Facts*,
Who, whilſt he hangs a petty Thief or Whore,
Refuſes *legal Voters* by the *Score*,
And ſwears, for *S---d---n*, *One* and *One* make *Four.*

Our *Prieſts* too preach for *Hire*, for *Hire* they plead
Corruption's Cauſe, or any Cauſe they're bid;

Leaving

Leaving their Flocks to feed themſelves, while they

To *Baal* bow, and in *High Places* pray.

O for a Muſe of Fire! * as *Shakeſpear* cries,

But not to paint a *Henry*'s Victories,

To ſing *France conquer'd* by *Britannia*'s Bands,

Or *Albion* giving Laws to diſtant Lands;

No — to deſcribe our *Eminence* in *Shame*,

Our *Impotence* in all that *merits* Fame;

Our Sinews quite unnerv'd, our Spirits broke,

Our Necks bow'd down beneath the *Gallick* Yoke;

Our Lux'ry at the *higheſt* it can go,

Our Wealth and Trade as infamouſly *low*;

The

* See the Prologue to *Shakeſpear*'s *Henry* V.

The Crowds of *Drones* in Offices at Home,
The Shoals of *Locuſts* brought from *France* and
Rome;
Such *new-born* Taxes whilſt the *old* exiſts,
Such *Dowries* paid, yet ſuch a *Civil-Liſt*;
Such Treating, Voting, Swearing, Bribing,
Biting,
Such *Dearth* of Learning, yet ſuch *Crops* of
Writing,
With all that profligate Degen'racy,
Which reigns in each Sex, Station and Degree.
Now Liberty, thou heav'nly Gueſt, farewel,
Source of all Bleſſings where thou deign'ſt to
dwell:
Adieu—— no longer can we hope thy Stay,
Since *Britain's* abject Sons renounce thy Sway;

On

On Ruin bent, and Suppliants for Thrall,
They court thy Abſence to compleat their Fall.
But ſay, great Patroneſs, what barren Iſle,
Wilt thou from hence impregnate with thy Smile?
What diſtant Region for thy *Mountain* mark,
Where to unload thy *Science-freighted* Ark,
And ſet up next thy Candle in the Dark?
Go, *humanize* a yet untutor'd Herd,
Hapleſs joint Tenants with the Wolf and Pard,
League them in a refin'd Community,
And make of Savages what Men ſhould be.
Teach them from Fraud and Rapine to refrain,
And publick Good prefer to private Gain;

Learn

Learn them the Homage due to Heav'n's high King,

And what rich Fruits from ſocial Virtues ſpring.

Then plant the *finer Taſte*, prepare the Way

For Science's and Wiſdom's lib'ral Sway;

Bid Learning dawn, Art after Art ariſe,

Lights, which alas! are *ſetting* in our Skies,

Poeſy, Queen of the reſplendent Train,

Who, with ſoft warbling or deep ſwelling Strain,

Maſters the various Paſſions as they roll,

And captivates each Centry of the Soul;

With Tongue of *Seraph* Truths divine unfolds,

Or to the Fool and Knave her *Mirror* holds;

To godlike Acts the gen'rous Breaſt inflames,

Or the fell Rage of dire Ambition tames;

Wings

Wings the rapt Heart to Heav'n in grateful
Flight,
And makes *Earth* own, *whatever is is right.*
With her, fair Siſters! *Painting*, Hand in
Hand,
And *Muſick*, leading up the ſacred Band.
Painting, that, with a half-creative Pow'r,
Calls forth new Worlds, and bids new *Eden*'s
flow'r,
To the blank Canvas mimick Life imparts,
And *Forms* ſo fair they ſteal ev'n *real* Hearts;
In active Group hiſtorick Deeds diſplays,
Or charms the Senſe in Fables flow'ry Maze;
Beams moral Lights inſtructive o'er the Soul,
And ſpreads the *Galaxy* to Virtue's Goal.

Whilſt, ſweet Inforcer of the Poets Lays,
Muſick in meaning Sounds ſtrong Senſe conveys;
Can each reſpondent Paſſion ſpur, or rein,
And vary ev'ry Pulſe with every Strain;
Raiſe with a *Note* of Rapture the Depreſs'd,
Or quell th' Outrageous with a dead'ning *Reſt*;
Plunge the ſtruck Heart in ſympathetick Wo;
Or with imputed Ardors make it glow:
In *Cytherea*'s ſilken Cordage bind,
Or tune to *ſocial* Harmony, the Mind.
With theſe the reſt in radiant Order join,
Till the whole Sky of Science cloudleſs ſhine.
Sculpture with ſtately Attitude and Mien,
And ev'ry Thought in ev'ry Feature ſeen;
High-ſwelling Muſcles that full Vigour prove,
Yet ſoft and ſmiling as the Queen of Love.

And fine-proportion'd *Architecture*, free
From lumpiſh Pomp, or glaring Levity;
Her Temples crown'd with the *Corinthian Wreath*,
Her Limbs like *Dorick Pillars* firm beneath;
Her Form adorn'd with each *Ionick* Grace,
And the bright *Mixt* reſplendent in her Face.
Logick in meditated Pace ſecure,
Moving by *Mood* and *Figure*, ſlow yet ſure,
That dares, undaunted, dang'rous Truths avow,
With keen Conviction flaſhing from her Brow;
And rapid *Eloquence* with matchleſs Force,
That bears down all Reſiſtance in her Courſe;
And as ſhe wroth or ſorrowful appears,
Can rouze our Rage, or triumph in our Tears;

Pour

Pour the avenging Thunder when ſhe pleaſe,
Or, ſlack'ning, ſink in liſtleſs lifeleſs Eaſe.
Then, laſt of all, to *crown* the gen'rous Task,
And grant to Man the *utmoſt* Man can ask,
Erect a *Publick Rule*, divinely plan'd
For *Publick Good*, by thy unerring Hand;
Where different Pow'rs in due Proportion join,
Pois'd and adjuſted to *one* great Deſign;
Steering with equal Courſe the *middle* Way,
'Twixt *Democratick* and *Tyrannick* Sway;
Tho' mild not looſe, tho' juſt yet not ſevere,
Alike from Rapine and Profuſion clear;
By *Councils independent*, wiſe and juſt,
Taught to *decern* and to *diſcharge* its Truſt;
To cheriſh, guide, protect, exalt, refine,
And, to the *human*, link the Chain *divine*;

To keep an Eye attentive ſtill on *Thee*,
And make a People *happy*, *great*, and *free*.
Till other *Lockes* and *Newtons* ſhall ariſe,
Another *Marlbro'* other *Gauls* chaſtiſe;
New *Miltons* and new *Drydens* ſtrike the Lyre,
Argyles and *Pultneys* Patriot Zeal inſpire;
New *Burleighs* and new *Rawleighs* hold the Rein,
And new *Elizabeths* and — *Georges* reign;
Whilſt *we*, deſerted, and in Bondage bound,
With Horrors, Clouds, and Darkneſs circled round,
See *Dulneſs* lift her conſecrated Head,
And ſmile to view her dark Dominion ſpread;
Chaos o'er all his leaden Sceptre rear,
And not *one Beam* throughout the Gloom appear.

" Stay,

" Stay, Sir, ſays *One*; Whence, pray, this
" groundleſs Cry?
" *I do not find* the Times ſo bad, not I;
" I marvel at the People's Diſcontent,
" When Things go on *ſo* in the Government!
" Our glorious Monarch's *ſafe* return'd in Peace,
" After his godlike Toils to make *War ceaſe*
" *In all the World* — his Miniſters quite ſure,
" For *ſev'n* Years more, at leaſt, to reign ſecure,
" Our S--te, like a Flock of Sheep, behold,
" With Tranſport trotting to their ſacred
" Fold,
" Obedient to their *Shepherd*'s Voice" —
Hold, hold."
" Our *Troops* abroad have got their Tents aſhore,
" And well entrench'd will run no Hazards more;

" Our

" Our *Fleets* at Home ride gallantly about,
" And the *third* Time Sir *John*'s *come in* as
" *whole* as he *went out* *.
" As for our *Taxes*, too, they're ſtrangely *low*,
" Conſidering the *Ways* they have to *go*;
" And *Commerce* ſure is in a fine Condition,
" When, like ſuch *Sturdy Beggars*, *Cits* pe-
" tition"——

But what of thoſe *brave Youths* led out a Prey
To *pois'nous* Seaſons, and a *blund'ring* Sway?
Or that *unhappy Chief*, by *Britons* wept!
So long at Home, for ſuch a *Cargo*, kept;
Then, *Pedlar-like*, ſent to th' *Antipodes*,
Juſt Time to *fight* with *Equinoctial* Seas?

What

* The Reader will pardon the wonderful Length of this Line, on account of the wonderful Intelligence it contains.

What of that *God-like Marlbro'* of the *Main*,
Left *unſupply'd*, and now *call'd Home* again?
Or of our num'rous Veſſels *captive* made
On our *own Coaſts*, for Want of *purchas'd* Aid?
What of a ſtrange *Neutrality* avow'd,
Or of a ſtranger *Peace* that's rumour'd loud?
What of theſe Things, d'ye ſay, and *more* like
theſe,
Which fill the *Meaſure* up of * *our Iniquities*?
"You may abuſe the *Times*, Sir, in your
"Rage,
"But, troth, to *me* it is the *golden Age*."
To you! ſo much the worſe to us I deem,
For well you know, when one voracious Limb
Draws

* Some future Criticks may peradventure read, *your*.

Draws the ſole Nutriment from all the reſt,
The Body muſt be mortally diſtreſt;
The more *you thrive*, then *we're* the more *undone*——
"Dreams! Dreams! Sir"——Dreams, d'ye ſay——
I'll tell you one.
From that fam'd Cliff, where *Dover*'s Ramparts riſe,
Cool'd of the toilſom Scorch of Summer Skies,
Returning late, I ſlumber'd on my Bed,
All Care, but Care for thee, my Country! fled,
When Fancy ſtrait her magick Curtain drew,
And ope'd this *viſionary* Scene to View;
Methought, on the bleak Beach *Britannia* ſate,
Wailing, with *Neptune*, her diſaſtrous Fate,

Whilſt dreary *Tritons* ſtood lamenting round,
Making the Rocks with their loud Plaints re-
ſound;
Sunk in *Deſpair* ſhe, ſick'ning, *droop'd* her
Head,
The *Laurel* Wreath, that grac'd her Temples
dead,
And the cold *Poppy* nodding in its Stead.
" All's loſt, ſhe cry'd, my Empire is no more,
" *Freedom* and *Fame* are fled my mould'ring
" Shore;
" Freedom, which *Britiſh* Hearts at Home cre-
" ates,
" And Fame, which *Britiſh* Worth abroad re-
" lates;

" Whilſt

" Whilſt I " —— With that big Tears guſh'd
out again,
Which gave new Saltneſs to the briny Main——
" Whilſt I, amongſt the Nations *once* renown'd,
" Am now become the Scoff of all around."
She ſaid —— When thus the Monarch of the
Main,
With Sighs reply'd, Fair Siſter, I complain
Of Wrongs that match with yours —— This *Al-*
bion, long
My darling Iſle, by *me* enrich'd and ſtrong,
Dares ſcorn my Succour, and, ungrateful, boaſt
Its Safety in a vain *unnat'ral* Hoſt;
The *Britiſh* Sea muſt yield to the *Parade*,
And *Vernon*'s *Colours* ſtrike to *Wade*'s *Cockade*;
Whilſt

Whilſt our fair Fleets ly bridled on the Deep,
Their Thunder huſh'd in ignominious Sleep;
For why — ſome *evil Genius*, to our Shame,
Sate at the *Helm*, and check'd our native Flame;
Gave up to *Worms* and *Spaniards*, for a Spoil,
The Veſſels, Sons, and Commerce of our Iſle;
In *coward Treaties* parly'd with the Foe,
And *begg'd*, as *Alms*, our Ships in Peace might go.

Britannia ſigh'd, and, with uplifted Eyes,
In ardent Prayer to *Liberty* applies;
" Come, *Bliſs-creative Parent!* once more
" come,
" And meet thy *eldeſt Son* returning home,
" Paſt Crimes thy *Prodigal* repentant mourns,
" Implores thy Sight, and for thy Bleſſing burns;
" Come,

" Come, take th' expiring Suppliant in " ſhe
cry'd,
When o'er the Main the heavenly Maid ſhe
ſpy'd ;
Th' obedient deep her balmy Breath controll'd,
Whilſt in ſoft Curls the flatt'ring Billows roll'd;
For-ever-blooming Roſes crown'd her Head,
And her ſpread Wings enchanting Odours ſhed ;
Where'er ſhe came appear'd a double Dye,
The Sea ſhone greener, and more blue the Sky :
An azure Mantle o'er her Shoulders flow'd,
Which with the various Hues of *Iris* glow'd ;
The Vi'let, Hyacinth, and Pink were there,
And all the Beauties of the op'ning Year.
Not ſo, emboſs'd with Gems, around the Loins
Of *India*'s Kings, the regal Girdles ſhines,

Nor

Nor *Juno*'s Bird on the *Cærulean* Plain,
Diſplays ſuch Colours in her Eye-fraught Train.
Inſtant upon the wave-waſh'd Beach *ſhe* light,
And thus, *half-ſmiling*, did *Britannia* greet:
" Great *Queen* of *Nations*, I'll attend thy
" Pray'r,
" And take thy Sons once more into my Care,
" If they'll, by Acts like theſe, my *Way pre-*
pare;
To publick *Juſtice* publick *Plund'rers* bring,
And *take the Wicked from before the King*;
Purge the *diſtemper'd* Land of that dire Crew,
The *low Corrupt* and *high Corruptors* too;
And yet the fatal Malady's ſo *great*,
To *Cure* will be *unpeopling* of the State.

Pois'nous

Pois'nous *Corruption!* thou eternal Bane,
To Virtue's, Liberty's, and Wiſdom's Reign;
In this poor Iſle what Havock haſt thou made?
Of late, O fatal *Traffick!* her *ſole* Trade;
How mildew'd ev'ry *Science*, ev'ry *Art*,
Crept to the *Conſtitution*'s very *Heart*,
And made her S----tes, on whoſe Breath depend
Her Bliſs and Safety, thy black Cauſe befriend!
When *Righteouſneſs* ſhall, then, *exalt the Throne*,
And *publick Spirit* at the *Helm* be ſhewn;
When *independent* Powers in S----te meet,
And *Courtier* does not mean the ſame as *Cheat*,
When copying theſe, and copy them they will,
For as the *Fountain* flows ſo runs the *Rill*,

Rank

Rank below *Rank* prove worthy of my Reign,
Liberty, fair *Britannia*, 's thine *again!*
——*Britannia* bow'd——I 'woke, and cry'd,
Amen.

FINIS.